

Pencil Pains

by Nikki Kirk

Category: Water Rats

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-30 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-30 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:52:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,954

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Summary: A Goldie Special (a massive sized wobbly by our fav detective) is interrupted by a phone call. Unexpected twists are scattered throughout this pointless story by the Master Of Pointlessness.

Pencil Pains

*Summary: A Goldie Special (a massive sized wobbly by our fav detective) is interrupted by a phone call. Unexpected twists are scattered throughout this pointless story by the Master Of Pointlessness.

>
Disclaimer: I don't *own* anything in this. If I did I would be a multi-billionaire, but then again, Hal isn't, is he? I also don't take any responsibility for anything in this because I can't be held responsible for other peoples' actions. This is very philosophical. So in short, you can't sue me or I'll sue you for defamation, nananeenana! :p!

>
Author's Notes: This is weird, has no real point, but what the hey, it was fun to write. All feedback to sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com please!!! Thanks!

>
Dedications: To all of the fanfic writers, to everyone who gives me feedback, to all of my friends, to Stacie Walker, to Nat Williams, to all of my friends, and to Gemma Scott, my best bud and couz who's singing her lil heart out in the land of Oz right now. Hope you're having fun couz!

>

>Pencil Pains
By Nikki Kirk

>*****

>"FRANK?!" Rachel bellowed down the hallway at ten 'o' clock on a Tuesday morning.
"WHAT?!" Frank looked up from the case Helen had just handed him at reception and bellowed back.

>"WHERE'S MY PENCIL SHARPENER?!"
"I BROKE IT!!"

>"WHAT? HOLLOWAY YOU BASTARD!!! DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT IT'S PLAIN MANNERS TO REPLACE THINGS YOU BREAK, ESPECIALLY THINGS THAT I USE *FREQUENTLY*?!!!" Rachel yelled at the top of her lungs, rummaging through Frank's infamous drawers to find the remainder of her pencil sharper in thousands of plastic pieces.
"NO, WHY?"

Frank grinned at Helen who was pretending to do her work.
>"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU *DO* TO IT?!" Rachel yelled incredulously.
"SAT ON IT!" Frank wondered if she permanently had PMS.
>"FRANK! RACHEL! THEY CAN HEAR YOU TWO IN ILLAWARRA! EITHER GO AND YELL AT EACH OTHER IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OR SHUT UP!!!" Jeff joined in the yelling match.
"Sorry sir." Rachel and Frank said in unison from their different levels of the building, then both winced with the trademark slamming of the door by the boss.
>Helen smirked to herself as she noticed the broad cheeky grin on Frank's face, then shooed him upstairs. "Go do some work Frank." Helen chuckled.
"Oh, what for?" Frank asked, and headed up to face his fellow Detective's wrath.
>"What the hell are you doing Francis?" Rachel snapped when she saw her partner flashing his head in and out of the doorway.
"Avoiding anything you may throw... at me." Frank ducked as an Encyclopaedia whooshed over his head and flew into the mens' room.
>"Dang, *just* missed." Rachel clicked her fingers and pretended to look disappointed.
"Yours I'm guessing?" Tommy appeared at the door with the Encyclopaedia.
>"Ah, yeah. Ta." Frank took the book and shoved it back into the bookcase behind Rachel's desk.
"Any time..." Tommy gave them both weird looks and set off downstairs.
>"Well?" Rachel held out her hand in front of Frank.
"What?" Frank asked, then clicked and kissed her hand.
>"EW! GET OFF!! What the hell are you playing at Holloway? I *meant* give me the money for a replacement pencil sharpener."
"Oh... Okay, here." Frank handed her a two dollar coin.
>"Excuse me? What am I going to buy with this? A crappy little metal one?" Rachel snapped.
"Well how much was it then?"
>"Fifty bucks."
"WHAT? Hell, I'm not paying that! Fifty smackaroos for a plastic pencil sharpener?!"
>"*Perspex* actually.
"As I said! Plastic!"
>"It was an automatic one Frank! They aren't cheap!"
"Ya might as well take out insurance on it! I could buy myself a new wardrobe with that!"
>"Yeah, if you went to the op shop..."
"No, I got this for five bucks."
>"It shows."
"What shows?"
>"That it's worth five bucks."
"Eh? Just because you're a snappy dresser that spends all her money on clothes..."
>"I am aren't I?" Rachel smiled sweetly.
Frank shook his head. It was a losing battle. He might as well pay up. "Fine..." Frank grudgingly handed over the last of his week's wages.
>"Thank you. Nice doing business with you." Rachel flattened the crumpled plastic note on her desk, then folded it neatly and put it in her purse. Little did Frank know that she had a new one waiting for her free of charge with Helen who'd just produced it from the stationery cupboard. That would buy quite a few drinks tonight, she thought.
"What're you grinning at?" Frank asked suspiciously as he plonked himself down behind his desk.
>"Ah, nothing for you to worry about." Rachel said, wiping the grin off her face and leaning over to pick up the ringing phone.
"Goldstein?" Rachel answered.
>"You're buying drinks tonight." Frank said suddenly.
"What? No, sorry, not you. Can you hang on for a second? Thanks..." Rachel slapped her hand over the receiver, "I don't think so." She stated and began talking to the person on the phone.
>"I do. I don't have any money now. What am I going to live on? Ooh, look, twenty dollars..." Frank pulled a note out of the petty cash

box.
"Hey! Put that back!" Rachel protested, hanging up the phone and jotting something down on a pad of paper.

>"But I need money for food, and I need food to survive, and I need to survive so you can torture me..."
"Whatever Frank." Rachel sighed, picking up her bag and the keys to the Magna.

>"And you need to torture me so you don't go insane..."
"Frank, *you* are the one that drives me insane," Rachel said flatly, "you coming or not?"

>"I'm coming, I'm coming. What's happening?"
"Gunman on the loose on the Rocks." Rachel explained briefly, leading the way down the hall and down the stairs.

>"Ooh, buggler." Frank's eyebrows shot up.
"Ah, Rachel, Frank, just got more info on the offender. He's got a Police Issue Glock Pistol, he's dressed in what looks to be police uniform. Be careful you two, this guy sounds dangerous." Helen was obviously worried as she watched her two Detectives walk out the door.

>

>
As the pair drew up to the scene they could see chaos breaking out. The Armed Offenders Squad were hurriedly pulling on their gear, and the public were being pushed out of the area, and behind freshly erected barricades lay policemen with guns ready and waiting to go off. "Detectives Holloway and Goldstein, Sydney Water Police. Any news?" Rachel and Frank flashed their badges at an officer at Border Control.

>"Yeah. Apparently he's a cop. He's flipped. He's wearing a BPV, and he's got a three year old girl and her pregnant mother hostage." The officer said glumly.
"How far along is she?" Rachel queried.

>"Bystanders reckon about eight months."
"Have you got an ambulance standing by? Stupid question I know..."

>"Yeah, all set to go."
"Great. Has he shot anyone yet?"

>"Eighty year old man who tried to grab the girl. Shot in the head. His body's still in the Caf   with them."
"Has he got them there?"

>"Yeah."
"Right." Rachel pulled out her gun and donned a Bullet-Proof Vest, then handed Frank one.

>"Let's go." Frank loaded his gun and led the way to the back of the Caf   where snipers were all waiting.
The snipers looked up at them, then relaxed slightly as they saw the badges. "Which one of you is going to negotiate? We can only allow one to go in. Actually, it may be better if it's you," a sniper with fierce eyes pointed to Rachel, "he seems to have a softer spot for women."

>Rachel looked at Frank. "Right. You stay out here and don't do anything stupid. I'll call you if I need you, right?" Rachel looked totally in control, cool, calm and organised.
"Yeah. And Rach? Be careful." Frank called quietly after her as she disappeared around the front where another cop was waiting. She turned and gave him a reassuring grin.

>

>
"Hey, who am I talking to?" Rachel lay behind a concrete barricade talking to someone in the caf   on her mobile.

>"What's it to you?" A harsh, raspy voice replied.
"Look, mate..."

>"I'm not your mate."
"Fine. My name's Rachel, and I want to have a chat to you, so we can work something out."

>"Talk then."
"Nah, ya see, I've got to talk to you where you are. Can I come in?"

>"You armed?"
"Not if you don't want me to be."

>"No arms, come to the side door. And NO ONE is to shoot at me or

I'll kill the hostages."
"Yeah, that can be arranged."
>"Just you, no one else. Is that clear?"
"Clear as mud."
>"What do you look like?"
"Five nine, dark brown hair, I'm in a light blue skirt suit."
>"Good."
Rachel listened to the dial tone for a second, then pressed "END". She stood up and walked down the alley towards the snipers. "Hold your fire guys, I mean it." Rachel said in a low voice, looked at Frank for reassurance, then knocked three times on the door.
>"Who is it?"
"Me, Rachel."
>The door opened slightly to reveal a tall guy in Police Uniform. "Get in here." The guy ushered her through the door, then pressed his gun to her temple. "No funny business or I'll kill you, right?" the man growled.
"Right." Rachel replied, taking note of his serial number: SS23160 - he was a Senior Sergeant, like Helen. "Get over there. We'll talk later." The man pushed her into the corner with the terrified woman and her crying daughter.
>"Hi, I'm Rachel. I'm with the police... I'm a good guy..." But why did she think that would make them feel better when there was a cop turned bad less than five metres away, threatening to kill them all?
>*****
>"So what's your position?" The gunman finally asked Rachel as she sat in the corner with the three year old asleep on her lap, and the mother lying on the floor next to her trying to keep calm.
"Senior Detective Constable."
>"Your last name?"
"Goldstein."
>"How can you stand it? I mean, you end up getting called out to deal with psychos like me..."
"You're not a psycho."
>"Oh yes I am. I'm doing this because the force is going to fire me because the shrink reckons I'm going senile early."
"How come?"

>"I dunno... apparently I was erratic in several incidents. But I didn't hurt anybody. And now they've thrown you in here to make sure I don't do anything stupid, maybe get me out of this alive."
"Mate..."
>"I'm not your mate."
"You've already done something stupid. You've gone and taken everyone here hostage. If you give it up now without killing anyone else..."
>"You heard about the old guy?"
"Yeah. Where is he?"
>"In the kitchen. She was getting too distressed with him lying there." The man pointed to the woman who began sobbing.
"Ssh, ssh. It's okay, I'm here now, and we're gonna get out of here soon." Rachel whispered, stroking her hair.
>"I hope so, this baby's not happy."
"What?" The man whipped his head around and looked at her, his face showing concern.
>"The baby. I'm nine months..." The woman said quietly, stroking her daughter's cheek.
"Oh shit." The man sighed.
>"Look, if you let us all go now, I'll be able to get you off a few charges. Especially since you've showed me that you actually care." Rachel reasoned.
"I don't. I can't afford to care."
>"But you do." Rachel moved the sleeping child, stood up and looked the gunman straight in the eye.
"Fine, so I do. I care too much. Get back in the corner."
>"Look, we can end this now. You won't get hurt, they won't get hurt, I won't get hurt, and your shrink's diagnosis will get you off the murder charge. Give me the gun, eh?" Rachel stepped forward slightly.
"Get back Rachel, or I'll have to shoot you."
>"Come on."
GET BACK IN THE CORNER!!!" The man roared and aimed the gun straight at her.

>"Okay, okay!" Rachel stopped, then lowered herself back down into the corner.
"Now STAY there until I say otherwise!"

>"Well, that went well..." Rachel growled.

>*****

>At about 7pm it was pitch black outside, and Rachel had been in the café for eight hours. The woman, Maddy (short for Madeline), was sleeping, and Rachel had been playing peaknuckle with Natasha, the little girl. "Can you at least let Maddy and Tasha go? Keep me here, they aren't going to shoot you when you're holding a cop hostage, are they?" Rachel asked, not looking up from the current game of peaknuckle.
"No, you're all staying here."

>"You do realise that this whole thing could seriously screw up her life." Rachel looked from Natasha to the gunman. He paused and looked at the little blonde child, innocently playing with her new babysitter. Then he looked at Maddy.
"Alright. But you're staying here with me, and I mean it."

>"You made the right decision Fred."
"Fred?"

>"Well I don't know your name, so I'll just call you Fred. Okay with you?"
"It's Peter. Peter Baxter."

>"Okay, Peter, you made the right decision."
"I sure as hell hope so."

>Rachel dialled Frank's number on her mobile. "Yeah, Frank. It's me. Look, the woman and the child are coming out the front door. Their names are Madeline and Natasha Baker. Natasha's the little girl. I have to stay here. Look, Frank, can you call Jonathon and tell him what's happening, and that I'll be late picking up David... Helen's got him? Oh, great. Tell him I love him? No, not Jonathon, David. Yeah. Thanks Frank, I hope I'll see you soonish, okay? Bye." Rachel hung up the phone and looked at it for a second, then helped Maddy to her feet.
"You look after yourself, okay?" Rachel grinned at her, and picked up Natasha.

>"Yeah... Thanks so much Rachel." Maddy took Natasha and kissed her head.
"Tell me when bubs is born?"

>"Sure. I might even bring it in. Sydney Water Police HQ wasn't it?"
"Yeah."

>"Thank you so much Rachel." Maddy hugged Rachel with her free arm, then looked at Peter.
"Can they go now?" Rachel asked, also looking at Peter.

>"Yeah. Off you go. I'm sorry, I really truly am. You were just unlucky, I wouldn't have taken you two hostage if there'd been anyone else in here." Peter tried to explain.
"Good luck." Maddy whispered as she walked out the door, then looked back as several officers ran forward and pulled them to cover.

>

>
"So, you've got a son, David was it?" Peter asked, sitting in a chair, trying to stay alert.

>"Yip." Rachel replied tiredly, looking at her watch to find it was twenty past midnight.
"I've got a daughter. Well, I had a daughter. She was killed two years ago at the age of 16 when a criminal with a grudge tried to shoot me. He missed and got her." Peter's eyes went all hazy.

>Rachel felt like crying from exhaustion, and because her emotions were shattered, especially after what this guy had told her. She was sure it wasn't all lies, he seemed too deeply effected by it all. But she stayed strong, like the rock she'd always been, not shedding a tear. "I'm sick of all of this, Rachel! Come on, let's go. You arrest me now, okay? Here's the gun, it's unarmed." Peter slid the gun across to Rachel who quickly slapped the cuffs on him.
"Frank? I've got him. We're coming out, tell them to hold fire." Rachel told Frank, silently thanking God for the mobile phone.

>"Yeah, sure. You alright?" Frank asked from the other end of the phone line.
"Just tired. Bye Frank." Rachel hung up. "You ready?" she asked.

>"Yeah. Thanks Rachel." Peter said.
A dimpled grin slowly spread over her face. She shook her head. She never thought she'd ever hear someone she'd just arrested thank her.

>

>
"I see you have your new pencil sharpener." Frank waltzed into the office twenty minutes late as usual.

>"Yep." Rachel said tiredly writing up her case notes from the night before.
"Does it work?"

>"Yep."
"Can I use it?"

>"Bugger off Holloway."
Frank chuckled to himself, then took something out of his drawer and put it on his desk. "Coffee?" Frank asked Rachel.

>"Yeah, that's be nice." Rachel didn't look up.
Frank stood up and wandered out to the meal room, leaving Rachel alone in the office. She finished her sentence, then looked at Frank's desk. Sitting on it was a stack of broken pencils in a clear Perspex box with a chain around it. Rachel looked at her pencil holder to find no pencils sitting in it. She stood up and when to get the box and break into it. Only one problem. It was padlocked to a drawer handle.

"FRAAAAAAANK!!!"

>

>

>Well, hope you enjoyed it! Feedback please: sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay?

End
file.